

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:

Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fiftene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fiftene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-fugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacker.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *Man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maide
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband

I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alas Madam, or Ione Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept about fiftene yeere or more.

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two:

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.

For your Physitians haue expressly charg'd,

In perill to incurre your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe:
I wil therefore tarry in despite of the flash & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

tic, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What, household stuffe.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'll see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. *Tranio*, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,

The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.

My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first

A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincenzio's come of the *Bentiuoli*,

Vincenzio's sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:

And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.

Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues

A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with facietie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Me Pardonate*, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,

Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie,
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,

Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristoteles* checkes

As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abiu'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,

And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie vfe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes

Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:

In brieue sit, studie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine

Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine & Bianca.

Gremio a *Pantelowne*, *Hortensio* sister to *Bianca*.
Lucen. Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:

That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:

If either of you both loue *Katherine*,
Because

Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To carther rather: She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?

No mates for you,

Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,

And paine your face, and vse you like a foole.

Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush! master, heres some good pastime toward;

That wench is flarke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,

Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.

Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said Mr. mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good

What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in.

And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,

For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,

and she knew why.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,

On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,

Sorrie am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grieffe.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp

(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,

And make her beare the penance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resould:

Go in *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight

In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,

Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,

Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,

Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,

I will be very kinde and liberall,

To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,

And so farewell: *Katherine* you may stay,

For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall I be appointed houres, as though

(Belike) I knew not what to take,

And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are

so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not

so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,

and fast it fairly out. Our cakes dough on both sides.

Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if

I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that

wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray:

Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd

parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that

we may yet againe haue access to our faire Mistris, and

Because

be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Think't thou *Hortensio*, though
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition: To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie
morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel-
ping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his
yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t'afresh:

Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes
fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?
Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the
best horse in *Padua* to begin his woiing that would tho-
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,

And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,

If I archieue not this yong modest gyrl:
Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:

Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:

If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but so,
Redime te captam quam quis minimis.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beaultie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,

That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,

That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,

Bend thoughts and wits to atcheue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely mew'd her vp,

Because